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William Ewart Gladstone.

It is with some divine language, and not in a common tongue, that we would wish to tell the greatness of the most godlike man whom our age has known. To see him die and to give him royal burial his country forgets the strife of parties and the story or the threat of war. The nations stand with uncovered head, while emperors and presidents send their garlands of sympathy and honor for the bier of the untitled king of men. Westminster Abbey hastens to open her doors for his burial, and those who

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

would give voice in Parliament to their love cannot speak for grief. No other man so honored, so loved, has this century been borne to a royal grave.

Mr. Gladstone was made on a larger better plan than other men. We never hear of his boyhood—was he ever a boy? He comes to our knowledge as a graduate from Oxford, a 'double first,' one of those rare scholars who are equally first above their fellows in classics and mathematics, one to whom all sorts of learning are but play. There have been other double firsts; but young Gladstone was the university prodigy not only in the power of acquiring all learning, but also in all the arts of the writer and orator. That was a combination of powers unique indeed, one which gave true promise of surpassing success in life. All this inherent power Nature gave him, and he cultivated, as a youth, every fibre of his wonderful brain. He left Oxford the most promising man of his time, the favorite of all the prophets; for to his prodigious powers of acquirement, his intense energy, his unfailing industry and his wondeful oratorical faculty he added a noble person, and a facile and charming grace. There was no youth like Gladstone.

Almost direct from the university he entered Parliament. What might have been foretold of him he became, and more.

Yet other than might have been expected; and it was other because while heaven's bounty bestowed upon him all intellectual gifts, heaven's grace gave him a heart which worshipped the truth, that was bond-slave to right, that held every power consecrate to the task of serving his country and benefiting his people. Where else can such an angelic combination be found — the finest abilities mastered by the noblest purpose?

It was this controlling conscientious sense of duty which made his career other than was expected. He entered public life a stout Conservative in politics; he ended it a Radical. His father was a slave-holder, and he believed slavery right, and the aristocracy that comes with birth, and all powers of kingship. His interests and prospects were with the Tories; but such a man, with such a purpose, could not long remain a Tory. His work was for the people, and against the privileges of the classes. He did not fear or hesitate to balance the masses against the classes in antithetic rhyme, and to give his voice for the many against the few. Of course, he was beaten, and driven out of office again and again; but what he planned and championed to the extreme of personal defeat, he saw victorious at last, perhaps under the banner of his political foes; for it was his good fortune to make platforms not for his own party alone, but for the opposite party when he was defeated. England owes Disraeli's gift of popular franchise to Gladstone, and to Gladstone's persistence is due that measure of justice which a Conservative government is giving to Ireland. What cared he, if only justice won? The people of England knew that he was their stoutest champion, that he would never fail them, that policy had no allurement for him; and four times Great Britain called him to lead her councils.

The classes never loved Gladstone. How could they love the man who disestablished the Church in Ireland? No man in England was so hated as the man who demanded self-government for Ireland. If Gladstone was the best loved man in England he was the most detested. He was called a traitor to the nation, because he wished to elevate its common people. To him England was not the House of Lords, but the men and women behind the House of Commons. He was an Anglican Protestant in religion, and he wrote strongly against the assumptions of the Vatican; but between Roman and Anglican, Trojan or Tyrian, he made no discrimination of religious or political rights. To men of short vision that seemed a crime; but Gladstone could look across the gaps of time. He looked down from the pinnacles of principle through the clear ether of heaven's justice. He could go out of office, but it was to bequeath his teachings to his successors.

Gladstone was a nobly inconsistent man; that is, he could learn. His inconsistency deviated always to the right. It pointed the finger to larger liberty. He always kept his eyes open for new light, and his ears for new voices of God, the voices of the wronged calling for help, whether in England or Islam. When he had been wrong he owned his error and made himself right. So he was not like the lost leader among the poets, whose youth sounded the peans of freedom, and whose laureate and satiate age was content to laud the past; his face was set the other way, the way of progress, and every year of his life was a triumphal march.

We cannot help contrasting Gladstone with Bismarck. Bismarck created an empire for his king. He contrived a glorious victory out of a wicked war. He had no love for his own people, any more than for people of other nations. His old age is querulous, pitiful. His one aim was the ambition

of greatness, for William and Germany. Gladstone's old age was beautiful and serene. As long as his strength would allow, after his eightieth year, he was the people's leader and voice. Then he retired to his loved books, his studies of literature, philosophy and religion, lifting a clear voice now and then to tell England her duty for the oppressed. Such an old age is a benediction of glory. So sinks the daystar in the ocean bed, but to rise again in the eastern morning.

The lesson of Gladstone's life is for those to whom God has given the power of leadership. It is the lesson of talents faithfully employed for the noblest ends, sold for no handful of silver, exchanged for no ribbon to put in one's coat. It is the lesson that nothing is so worth while as character, and that no character is really noble or will win devotion that is satisfied with bare integrity, when it might spend itself in service.

'He passes to be king among the dead.'—'The Independent.'

Boys in Towns and Cities.

The following plan has been adopted with success in Connecticut:

'To open rooms in the cities and towns throughout the country, supply them with instructive and interesting books and games, and invite in the boys who are accustomed to spend their evenings in the streets. Each room will be in charge of a young man as superintendent, and will be open during the colder months of the year, every evening except Sunday, from seven to nine or half-past nine o'clock, and at such other times as may be found desirable. The superintendent will devote his time during the day to visiting among the boys, becoming acquainted with them, learning their home surroundings, attending the police courts and judiciously helping as far as possible, those whom he may find there, and keeping in other ways a friendly and careful oversight over the boys, especially those who are most likely, if left to themselves, to grow up to lives of evil and prove an expense as well as a menace to society. By means of occasional lectures, judicious suggestions as to cleanliness, behavior and the like, and by the practical instruction which is conveyed through the books and games, these rooms are night kindergartens for the boys of the streets. They may be made, we believe, the means of successfully resisting the almost overwhelming influence for evil that surrounds many a boy on the streets at night, and lifting him into a life both honorable to himself and useful to the nation.'

Is there any light here for Halifax, St. John, Fredericton, Moncton, Charlottetown, or our smaller towns? It is stated that in Connecticut 3,000 boys were reached last year. The poorer and more neglected boys from eight to seventeen years of age, have gladly taken advantage of the opportunity of having a place to spend their evenings. They have thronged the rooms whenever they have been opened, and have responded readily to their good influences. The change in many of them, in habits, desires and speech, has been noticeable and most gratifying. The system is not difficult to operate. The Rev. John C. Collins, of New Haven, Conn., who has had many years of experience in similiar work among boys, and who has perfected, under the advice of the Committee, most of the details of the system, will have general charge of the work. The Committee ask for $100,000 to organize and open rooms for boys throughout the country. They believe that with this sum the work can be put in operation in many hundreds of our cities and towns and over half a million boys brought under its beneficent and life-giving influences. When once begun it can safely be intrusted, under the over-sight of the Committee, to local benevolence. This general fund is most essential to carry properly out the plan of the Committee. It is estimated that about one hundred dollars will open a room, making provision for four hundred to eight hundred boys, provide for the annual expense by local contribution, and fully organize the work in a locality where, without this expenditure, it would doubtless not be put in operation.

Can anything be more attractive to a street boy than the corner grocery, or the lamp post, or the fence, or the gate? It is worth while trying.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

An Eager Scholar.

A missionary in India, who is spending his life doing Zenana work, writes that one day as she was teaching a dull and uninterested woman to read, a shadow fell across the page. Looking up, she saw a stately Hindoo woman, who had once been beautiful, but whose face was now marred with smallpox.

'I wonder,' said this stranger to the Zenana pupil, 'that you can be so dull and careless; what would I have given for your chance! I would have thought myself a queen, to have a white lady sit by me so patiently.'

'You can read, then?' asked the missionary.

'I can,' was the answer, 'but what did it cost me to learn! While my father taught my three brothers, I would steal up behind, snatch the form and sound of a single letter and fly to conceal myself, and to practice this letter over and over, with bits of charcoal, on scraps of waste paper.

'I was not allowed a seat among my brothers; I was not allowed a slate; I was not allowed a question; I was not even tolerated, until one fortunate day, when my brothers having all failed in pronouncing two or three English words, I—no longer able to keep silence—burst out with, "His Excellency the Governor," and my father, to my astonishment, cried "Bravo!"

'After that I was allowed to sit with his sons, but I was by no means to speak in their presence. So I learned.'

The stranger did not belong to that city in which our missionary worked, but she went to her distant home rich in leaves from the Hindoo translation of God's Word, and followed by many prayers that God would reveal himself by their light, to one who so longed for knowledge; that so eager a learner might know the truth, and the truth might make her free from the superstition and degradation of her race.—'Baptist.'

A Child Shall Lead Them.

Some time ago a missionary from Madras was travelling through crowded villages, and received an invitation to go to one never before visited. On his arrival, the people collected around him, and begged him to send them a missionary and a school-master to teach them the 'sacred book.' The missionary asked them, 'What do you know about my sacred book?' And an old man sitting near him answered, 'I know a little of it,' and began to repeat in Tamil the first two or three chapters of St. John's Gospel. To his surprise, also, he found that the man was totally blind. He asked how he possibly could have learned so much, when the man answered that a lad from some distance, who had been taught in a mission school, had for months been working in this village, and had brought with him a portion of the New Testament. He had read this aloud so often that the blind man had learned it by heart, and although the boy had left the village some time before, not a word of these precious truths had been forgotten.—'Missionary Link.'

A Bright Example.

Charity from a bootblack to a blind beggar:

'Have your shoes shined?' sang out a small boy near the Union Station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitated, for he had not much more money in his pocket than blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay. When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But as he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence and drop a dime into his cap.

'What did you do that for?' asked the young man.

'Yer see,' said the boy, 'that wus me tenth dime terday—an' me teacher at Sabbath-school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord. An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him.'—New York Paper.

Surgery Under Difficulties.

(By Mr. Hearn, Medical Missionary of the Bethel Santal Mission in India.)

One day I was removing a big piece of rock with eight men. The man working alongside me let go his pole, the rock tilting back, threw it up. The pole struck me under my left arm, and broke it in two places. I then worked my pole with my right hand till the rock was removed.

There is really more strength and skill in most Europeans' right arms than in any two natives. Afterwards I went into the house and put my arm in splints.

Six weeks more and I took the splints off, and I felt again comfortable. Then a girl of sixteen fell from a tree and dislocated her ankle. If not set she would be a cripple for life. But, oh! I shrank from endangering my broken arm; it felt so nice, and it was such a boon to be out of splints. I have bandaged a few hundred broken arms; dislocated shoulders are common; but I had never seen a dislocated ankle, and was wondering and doubting whether I could reduce it.

While a lady held the leg I began to reduce the dislocation. In pulling I re-broke my arm in one place, and with my broken arm, and set teeth, I went on till there was a click, and the foot was set! Praise ye the Lord! I felt as proud as a peacock, and as happy as a general who has conquered his foe and saved his country from shame and invasion. But the intense pain in my arm soon cooled my joy. While my colleague held the splints I bandaged again my broken arm. Three days I bore the splints; the skin being tender through the first bandage began to inflame, and the pain became unbearable. It was the hot season, and after three days' suffering I took off the splints. I knew that I was endangering my arm, but I simply could not bear it any longer. Then I put on arnica and water, which cooled and healed it; the inflammation subsided, and in due time my arm became again strong, so that I resumed my work.—'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Shut In.

(By Request.)

I ran at his commands,
And sang for joy of heart;
With willing feet and hands,
I wrought my earnest part.
And this my daily cry:
'Dear Master, here am I!'

Then came this word one day—
I shrank as from a rod,
To hear that dear voice say:
'Lie still, my child, for God.'
As out from labor sweet,
He called me to his feet.

Called me to count the hours,
Of many a weary night,
To bear the pain that dowers
The soul with heavenly might;
But still my daily cry,
'Dear Master, here am I!'

His will can only bring
The choicest good to me,
So ne'er did angel wing
Its flight more joyously
Than I, his child, obey,
And wait from day to day.

The humble offering
Of quiet, folded hands,
Costly with suffering,
He only understands,
To God, more dear may be,
Than eager energy.

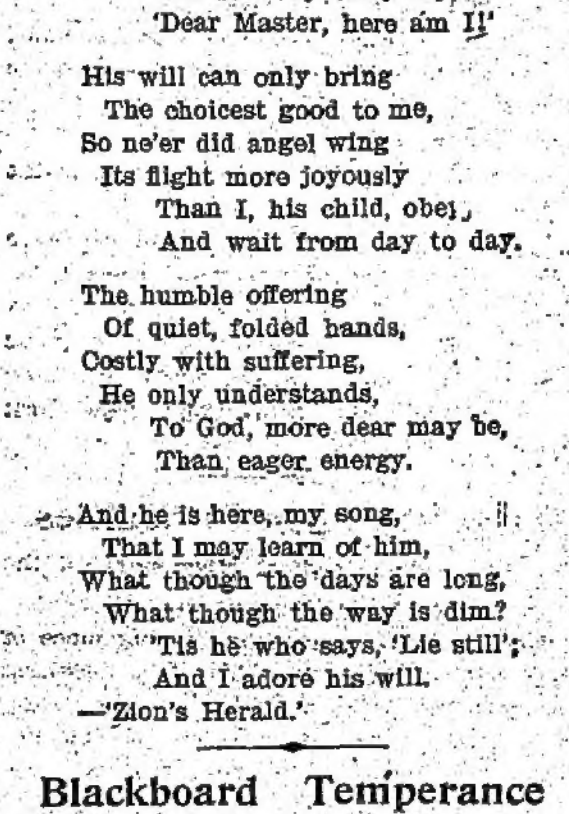
And he is here, my song,
That I may learn of him,
What though the days are long,
What though the way is dim?
'Tis he who says, 'Lie still';
And I adore his will.

—'Zion's Herald.'

Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

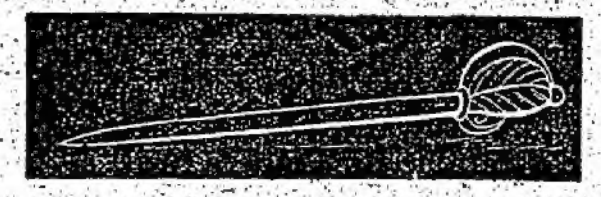
(By Mrs. W. F. Crafts.)

Seven, eight, nine hundred years ago it was a great thing to be a knight. Not every man could be a knight, but only those of noble birth. The training of a knight began when a boy was eight years old. He had to



learn to be very brave, for he was to be a defender and helper of women and children, and of all who were not strong enough to fight for themselves. He also had to be kind as well as brave, and pure and truthful, and good in every way. From eight to twenty-one years of age a boy was thus trained, and then he was made a knight. A part of the ceremony of making him a knight was to strike him three times with the flat side of a sword, when these words were uttered: 'In the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight; be brave, bold and loyal.'

Many a boy who reads the stories of brave knights says: 'I wish I could be a knight.' And so you can be, one and all. You do not

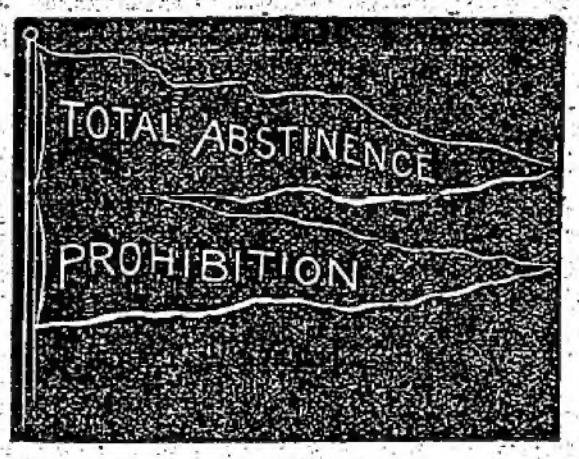


need to grow up, for there is need of boy knights to defend a great cause. With this sword I dub every boy knight who wants to be brave and bold and loyal, to fight against intemperance.

FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

You will have to defend the church of God against people who will make and sell strong drink from becoming its members. You will have to defend the home by signing a family pledge with your father and mother and brothers and sisters. You will have to defend your land by getting ready to vote against saloons and everybody who has anything to do with them. Some of these things you cannot do until you are twenty-one years of age, but if you are eight years old, and even younger, it is time for you to begin to make ready to be a true knight of temperance.

Look at the knight's two-pointed flag. You too must have a two-pointed flag; all good



temperance knights do. Here is a picture of it.

Do you know that a new century is soon to begin—the twentieth century, only three years hence? You are to live longer in the twentieth century than in any other. It is your century, and you may be "twentieth century knights."

Unless you prove yourselves 'brave, bold and loyal,' you will make your century a very bad one. You have power to make it the best century the world has ever known.

Boys who read history will probably know what the 'Truce of God' means, but I will tell the rest of you about it: In olden times, between eight and nine hundred years ago, it was made the rule that there should be no battles fought between Thursday evening and Sunday evening, and also during Lent and the Christmas month. This was a rule of great mercy, and because it was made by Christians it was called the 'Truce of God.' But let me tell you there is to be no truce of God in fighting against intemperance, because it is more merciful to keep on fighting than it is to stop. God would not have us make any truce in this war. Let the fighting them go on from Thursday to Sunday, and from Sunday to Thursday, every week in the year. Ours is not to be a war with lances and swords, but brave words and right deeds are to be our weapons.

'Twentieth century knights are we,
Charge to us is given;
Called to battle for the right
By the King of heaven.'

—'Temperance Banner.'

The Brothers' Quarrel.

(Cousin Constance, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'No, mother, don't ask me, you know it's no use. Have your party and Otis's family over, if you wish; I shall be gone that day. I intended going the last of the month, but I can just as well take New Year's Day for it.'

'But, William,' and the voice was full of tears, 'do stay at home. Let it indeed be a new year to you both by making up this miserable quarrel. Martha will be here to-morrow to help me in the preparation, and oh, how good it would seem to sit down all together once more.'

'I should be glad to please you, mother,' gently removing her hand from his own, where she had laid it in her entreaty, 'but I can't in this. You know what I said,' and turning hastily he left the room.

Yes, too well the poor mother knew what he had said—that he would never speak to his brother again, and for this reason:

His brother Otis had a colt, a fine-looking animal, and an excellent match for one William owned. He had long wanted it, and a month before had bargained with Otis by giving for the colt a strip of land that divided the two farms. The colt proved lame in a week after the exchange, and William had accused Otis of knowing this when he sold it. Otis denied the charge at the time, but William would not believe him, and in his wrath at the deception, declared that he would never speak to him again. The mother and their only sister, a bride of a year, had tried in vain to bring the brothers together, and in the hope that he might be induced to give over, and at least meet Otis at the feast on New Year's Day, had pleaded with him once more.

A fine, manly fellow was William West, a little self-willed at times, but until this quarrel one of the best of brothers. He had taken the old place at the death of his father two years previous, and intelligence and thrift were making it pay good profits.

The older brother, Otis, had married young, and settled on a part of the farm that at the settlement of the estate had been made over to him. A wife and two children made his home bright, while William, who remained a bachelor, was at the time our story commences thirty-five, a handsome, healthy, well-to-do farmer, and the centre of attraction to the bright-eyed maidens in the village, of whom, however, he thought far less than of adding to his worldly goods, that his mother might never want for luxuries, or his pet Alice—Otis's little daughter—a good slice after his death.

It was a bright winter's day, the 29th of December, but William went to his farm duties with a heavy heart as he thought of his mother's words. If he only could make up his quarrel. 'But then,' he mentally ejaculated, 'he need not have treated me so,' and setting his teeth hard he put by all softer feelings, and harnessing his horses, was soon on the road with his load of grain. He called back to his sister as he drove out of the gate, that he would not be home to dinner, as he should go on to Dyer's after

leaving his load, and should not be back before four o'clock at the earliest.

Martha and her mother were soon in the midst of baking.

'We won't get a regular dinner to-day,' said Martha, 'and so get through our work sooner to go over to Otis's. We won't let them know Will is not going to be at home on New Year's Day, and arrange for them to come.'

'Yes, but oh, it spoils all for William to hold out so.'

'Well, we won't have to make chicken-pies for that day, for no one eats them but him. We'll have one for him, though. I'll get it all prepared on Saturday night, and bake it for dinner.' So, hands and tongues flying, the baking was dispatched, but Martha, who was not strong, had quite exhausted her strength, and found herself wearied for the visit that night at Otis's which they concluded ed to defer until morning.

William, after concluding his business at the mill and Dyers's, drove rapidly toward home. He had to pass his brother's house on the way. The village school-house stood midway between that and his home. He had nearly gained the top of the hill where the school-house stood, when he suddenly started out of a reverie he had fallen into, at the sound of a child's screams that seemed to come from the valley at the bottom of the bank behind the house. A small pond here was the playground of the scholars, where with skates and sleds they passed an hour after school at night.

Again the scream, and by this time William had driven to the fence, sprang over and ran down the bank to where a boy was lying flat on the ice of the pond, and with one arm stretched out was trying to drag a board toward him. His head was but a couple of yards from the hole, and as he came up carefully behind him — for the ice cracked ominously—he saw it was his brother's boy Ned, who then sobbed out, 'Quick, oh, pull the board over the hole! Alice is in there,' while the other arm never moved that held the rope of his sled that had gone in with his sister. The board was in position, and William dropping carefully in, held to it while he searched for the child, whose benumbed hands had a minute before slipped from the sled, to which she clung bravely as long as possible, and grasping her clothes as she rose he soon had her out on the ice, and tossing Ned his sled said:

'Run, now, as fast as you can, don't stop a minute till you get home. I'll take her to grandma's.'

The frightened boy obeyed. William sprang up the bank, and wrapping her in the blankets, lashed his team into a gallop, and in ten minutes his mother at the sound of the bells saw him bearing into the room the half-drowned child.

'Quick, mother, undress her, and get hot water and blankets. I'll have the doctor here in a few minutes,' and before they could ask a question they heard him galloping out of the yard.

'The poor little dear,' said grandma, as she stripped off the icy clothes and applied hot blankets, while Martha chafed the cold limbs. They had worked so vigorously that the eyelids began to tremble, and a strange beating of the heart took place just as William and Dr. Sill appeared at the door.

With the doctor's help and skill the child was brought slowly back to life, when the doctor cried out:

'Man alive, here you are with wet clothing on yet. Off with them instantly.' Something hot for him was made immediately. Otis entering at this moment, the doctor sent him to help Martha with Alice, and while vigorously at work over William said:

'You are in for it, sir. Shouldn't wonder if you had a fever in spite of me.'

And so it proved. Chill followed chill, and by noon the next day he was in a high fever, and calling in his fever, 'Save that child.'

Three weeks he lay dangerously ill, watched over by Otis and his mother night and day. Alice had been carried home, and now, as reason came back to the sick man, his eyes wandered about seeking something apparently.

'Who was that that went out?' he asked, as Otis, seeing him coming to himself, slipped out of the room.

His mother evaded the question by replying: 'The doctor said you are not to talk.'

Sick and feeble, he obeyed, and was soon in a deep, sweet sleep, from which he awoke at the doctor's call in the morning.

'You have pulled me through, doctor,' he said, 'but who is that other man who was here all the time?'

'That? Why, brother Otis, to be sure.'

'Is he here now?'

'Yes, you may talk with him, as I am going now.'

As the doctor left Otis stole in. A look passed between the two brothers. William put out his hand, which Otis took in both his, saying, 'You saved my child.'

'And you saved my life,' replied William. Mother and Martha were sobbing behind them, both sending up thanksgivings all the while.

William advanced rapidly. A week later he was sitting by the bright kitchen fire with Alice in his lap. She had twice been over to see him, but he did not know her, and now that he did her joy knew no bounds.

'I tried to keep hold of the sled, uncle, but I couldn't.

'There, Alice, I wouldn't think about it any more,' and folding the shining curls to his heart, he asked, 'Can you sing me a song?' And soon the childish voice was soothing the yet sensitive nerves, and making soft the proud heart of her uncle.

The feast that was so sadly interrupted was to take place as soon as Dr. Sill said the word. On a soft February day he gave permission, and the two brothers started off for Otis's home.

'What's this Otis? A tip-top animal. How he steps off. Is easily curbed, too.'

'I came across him at a sale in the city two weeks ago and got him at a bargain.'

William was silent, and Otis touched up the finely mettled young creature, who with arched neck skimmed along the road. Soon they stopped at Otis's door, out of which rushed the children to see Uncle Will. Each taking a hand they led him in to a delicious lunch, William declaring they meant to kill him with kindness.

Home again by three o'clock, for were not all the families to eat together that day?

As the brothers drove into the barn, William saw with surprise Otis's old bay horse standing in the stall.

'Hello! how came old Sted here? Didn't you drive over with this colt?'

'No this colt I took out of the next stall.'

'Why, that's where my colt stands,' moving on to see.

The stall was empty, and Otis leading into it the beautiful creature they had ridden after, said as he feigned to be busy with the halter:—

'Well, old fellow, I lied to you once. I cheated you. That colt had been lame, but I doctored him up and palmed him off onto you for the land I had coveted so long, because I thought you asked too much for it. An evil spirit was in me then; let's hope he's driven out for a while. The lame colt I led home last night, and if you say so will keep him. I can get enough work out of him for his keeping, and this fellow shall pay for him if you'll give him stall room. He's sound, I'll warrant you.'

Deeply touched, William could hardly reply. 'No, Otis, a bargain's a bargain. I don't wish to take advantage of your gratitude or generosity,' and proceeded to harness into the sleigh the old 'Sted,' and drove off. It does not at all detract from William's manhood that he dropped his head on the manger, and tears of brotherly forgiveness dropped freely.

He had hardly recovered and got to the house, when the gay laugh of the children greeted his ear as Otis with a flourish brought his load to the door. Grandma and Martha were setting the last dish on the loaded table, a smoking chicken pie.

All were soon in their places, the brothers one on each side of the happy old mother, the other side of Will a happy little Alice, radiant in a new scarlet dress.

Ned, in reply to a question of his aunt, said: 'No, indeed, Aunt Martha, I'd have held on to that rope till I froze.'

'Brave fellow,' said Uncle Will, as he stooped to bring Alice's chair nearer to his as she whispered:

'I am so glad because papa and you have made it all up now. I've learned a new song. May I sing it to you, uncle?'

'Oh, yes, we are going to have some music after dinner.'

As the evening shades gathered about them, Martha took her place at the organ in the parlor, while Alice's sweet voice softly sang the words:

'Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Then midst our dejection
How sweet to have earned,
The blest recollection,
Of kindness returned.'

Grandpa's Lesson.

Nell came in with broom, duster and sweeping-cap. From under the blue cap looked a dissatisfied face.

'Maggie's gone home sick,' she said, 'so I must do the sweeping, as mamma can't do all the work, and, of course, I can't cook the dinner.'

'Why cannot you get the dinner? You were fifteen last week,' said grandpa, 'When I was ten, and my elder sister was fifteen, our mother was in bed for over a month with a broken leg, my sister did all the housekeeping, and all the cooking, too, and did it well. The others of us helped her as we could, but she managed it all.'

'She must have been a real wonder,' said Nell, somewhat interested. 'I hope she liked it better than I do. I hate cooking, and can't bear sweeping.'

'You would like both better if you really knew how to cook and sweep. We like what we can do well. When by the excellence of our doing, we raise some common duty to a fine art, then we like doing it.'

'I never thought of sweeping as a fine art,' said Nell, smiling, 'and I know how to do it—just take the broom and go at it. Grandpa, I don't know how I am to get you out of this room. Could I pull your chair out?' and Nell looked at the old gentleman's bandaged foot.

'Suppose I don't go out? Let me stay where I am.'

'But, grandpa, you'll be covered with dust!'

'Not if you know how to sweep. A good sweeper raises little dust!'

'Then I am sure I don't know how to

sweep,' said Nell, with conviction, 'for I raise an awful dust.'

'Suppose that staying where I am, I give you a lesson in sweeping.'

'O grandpa! An old and famous surgeon give sweeping lessons!'

'Why not, if I know how? At that time I told you of just now, my mother, as she lay in bed, taught me how to sweep. I swept her room regularly. She taught me so well that I have never forgotten. Now I will pass the lesson on to you, as a legacy from your great-grandmother. You hate to sweep, you say, but it will often come in the line of your duty. Why not learn to do it perfectly and cheerfully, and lay this common duty well performed as one of the simple little sacrifices with which God is well pleased on his altar.'

'Well, I will!' cried Nell. 'So, Doctor Graham, watch me, and if I go wrong instruct me.'

'There! I said there would be a horrid dust'—added Nell, as she gave the broom a long, reckless bang against the carpet, and the dust flew.

'In March,' said grandpa, 'carpets are likely to be at their worst after the long winter's use, and owing to Maggie's sickness, this room has not been swept for three days. Now, Nell, if you raise a dust over all this furniture, you will have a hard time dusting it. Begin right: dust all of the chairs and light articles, and set them in the hall. Take off the table-covers and lounge pillows, shake them out of doors, and leave them on the porch to air. All this is easier done first than last. The table you cannot move out, but dust all the little ornaments and lay them upon it, and then go bring some of the sweeping sheets to cover them.'

When this was done, grandpa told Nell to take the feather brush and dust the pictures, walls and curtains, and loop the curtains up out of the way.

'Now, get a short brush, and brush out all about the edge of the carpet round the whole room, brushing hardest in the corners and at the thresholds.'

'There, now,' said Nell, 'that's done!'

'Sweep the room from all sides toward the centre,' said grandpa. 'If you do that you will not be working against yourself, by driving dust upon places which you have swept. If you sweep toward the side or to a door, you drive dust into cracks whence it is hard to dislodge it. There, lay a bit of paper or a broom whisk in the centre of the room, and do all your sweeping towards that in circles. Another thing to remember is, to sweep holding the broom firmly, with the whole bottom edge of the broom to the carpet; do not use it sidewise, making it crooked: that spoils the broom, and is much less effective sweeping. Do not toss your broom up at the end of a stroke, sending the dust into the air; make a short even stroke, with the broom held gently but firmly, to the floor. It is well to have two or three windows open while sweeping, if there is no wind to drive the dust about. As I am here, and cannot stand a draught, open only one window. As my being here makes it necessary to raise as little dust as possible, take the broom to the hydrant and wet it thoroughly, shake it then as dry as you can, and then begin to sweep. The dust will stick to the broom. When you have swept part of the room, go wash the broom out, and shake it, so you can go on with the rest. Sometimes you can improve your sweeping by having a half a pail of warm water, with half a pint of turpentine in it, to wet your broom in. The turpentine brightens the colors of the carpet, kills moths and destroys many germs of disease. As a doctor my opinion is, that a free use of turpentine in a house is healthful, and prevents fevers.'

'I see,' said Nell, 'I am getting on better, and the carpet begins to look fine; all the same, grandpa, I like work that I can think thoughts about, and that is not mere routine.'

'You can think thoughts about the sweeping,' said grandpa.

'Who sweeps a room as in God's cause,
Makes it and the action fine.'

'Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," says that Christian was led into a room that had never been swept, and when the sweeping began the dust flew about so that he was almost choked thereby. Then a damsel sprinkled the room, and swept it easily. This typed the work of the law discovering our sin, and the gospel gently cleansing the soul.

'Christiana saw a man with a muck rake gathering sticks and straws from a floor, and ignoring a fair crown held over his head. John the Baptist said: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his floor." This is spoken of the fanning of chaff from a threshing-floor, but may be also suggested by your sweeping. Christ made parables from very homely and simple things, and you can find plenty of parables for yourself as you sweep and dust, and do other humble work; parables that shall tell upon your higher mental and spiritual life. High and low are very near together in this world. If you want to go farther afield, you can let the word "sweep," leave the broom and carpet, and you can think of the grand "sweep" of the storm clouds; of the "sweep of all-embracing laws"; of the "gale sweeping with shadowy gust, the field of corn"; of the wild geese, which Shakespeare says "sweep madly through the sky"; all of which different uses of "sweep," have their affinities with the action of your broom.'

'There!' said Nell, taking up the last particle of dust from the centre of the room; 'how well that carpet looks, and it took such a little time.'

'Now, dust the wood-work, windows and tables. Shake out the curtains and bring in the furniture; that is all clean and ready to go into place.'

Nell finished the room, and stood broom and duster in hand, to take a satisfied survey. She looked much more cheerful than when she had come in to announce her task.

'I shall always know how to sweep a room after this, and not hate so much to do it!' she exclaimed.

'Get equal knowledge of the best ways of doing all kinds of housework, and then you shall not be so afraid of any of it,' said grandpa. 'These little duties are always meeting us at unexpected turns, and it is open to us to make drudgery and burdens of them, shadowing whole days with them, or to lift them into the cheerful region of willing and earnest service, of God and our fellows.'—'Christian Observer.'

'There is sunlight on the hill-top,
There is sunlight on the sea,
And the golden beams are sleeping,
On the soft and verdant lea;
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart,
For thou art there, my Saviour,
And 'tis sunlight where thou art.

'Lord Jesus, thou hast bought me,
And my life, my all, is thine;
Let the lamp thy love hath lighted
To thy praise and glory shine,
A beacon 'mid the darkness,
Pointing upward where thou art,
The smile of whose forgiveness
Is the sunlight of my heart.'

—'Waif.'

His Wife's Comforter.

'John, whatever are you doing?'

He had come in from the shop to the little back parlor, and was standing with his apron on before the open cupboard adjoining the fireplace. With my own eyes I saw him toss off a glass of wine, and had just poured out another when he was startled by my exclamation. He blushed as he glanced round, and there was a look of annoyance on his face that he tried in vain to hide.

'Is that you, auntie?' with a forced kind of laugh. 'I was just having a short interview with my wife's comforter.'

John Sinclair was my favorite nephew, with whose early training I had much to do his mother having been for years a great invalid. That I took the deepest interest in his welfare goes without saying, although since his marriage, some two or three years before, I had not seen so much of him as formerly; nevertheless, I occasionally paid a visit to his home which sometimes extended over a few weeks. He was doing a fairly good business as a grocer in the small provincial town of Boreham, and I must say that both himself and wife always gave me the warmest welcome. There were no children. I have often wished there had been, for then the trouble that came would not have been so likely to happen.

'But, John,' I replied, in astonishment, 'I thought you were a teetotaler!'

'And so I was, auntie, until I married and settled down to business in this quiet humdrum little town. Rest assured, however, that your early training has not been thrown away, for, during my apprenticeship and city life, teetotalism saved me from falling into many a temptation.'

'Then, why depart from it now, my dear boy?' I asked.

'Well, you see, auntie dear,' he laughingly replied, 'there are no temptations here, so I thought I might as well keep the wife company over a glass of wine. It is a great comfort to her after one of her bad turns or when she feels a bit below par, only she can't bear to be the only one in the house that takes it. And teetotalers may say what they will, but there really is at times no little comfort in a glass of wine. Now, this morning, what with one thing and another, I was nearly worried out of my life, so I just came in and had a glass of wine, and as the effect of that little intoxicant, feel quite another man.'

'But this is not in accordance with the teaching you received in the Band of Hope, of which you were for many years a member, to say nothing of my own, which I feel to have all been wasted when I see the bottle in your hand. This has quite upset me, John,' and what with grief and vexation I could not prevent the tears from coming to my eyes.

'Nonsense, auntie mine. For the Band of Hope teaching and your careful training to be wasted is simply impossible. I remember all about it. In the first place I was taught that all alcoholic liquors were bad quenchers of thirst, and therefore, never dream, even in the hottest weather, of seeking a thirst-quencher either in malted liquors or wine. I had also well drilled into me the fallacy of taking brandy to keep the cold out, and have never therefore, even when shivering in the bitterest of weather, thought of taking a "nip," for that purpose. Then I am thoroughly convinced that there is no nourishment whatever, or, at least, not worth speaking about—in ale, stout, or anything of the kind; consequently neither the one nor the other is ever seen on my table. I have learnt the evils of which drink is the cause, especially among young men in our

city houses, and during my city life kept entirely from it. The terrors of a drunkard's life and doom have been placed before me ad nauseam, and the wildest fancy could not picture me a drunkard. Then, I am a prohibitionist, and could not under any circumstances, engage in the traffic. Why, only the other day I refused what would have been a most profitable agency, none other than Gilbey's. So, you see, my dear auntie, that I have not by any means forgotten my early lessons, and you have not, like the prophet, "labored in vain and spent your strength for naught." But, after all said and done, I don't think that even you can gainsay that a glass of wine is a great comfort. I call it my wife's comforter.'

'Alas, my dear boy,' I replied, shaking my head, 'I very much fear that you have entirely missed one of the most important of your lessons, the delusiveness of alcohol in the form of wine, especially in respect to the use you make of it. You feel worried, irritable, and depressed, and I doubt not the pleasurable feeling the wine excites as you toss off a glass or two is a certain comfort to you at the time, but remember how costly it always proves.'

'Oh, as to the cost,' he laughed, 'I never pay more than thirty-six shillings a dozen at the outside, and I think I can stand that.'

'You are evading the point at issue, John,' I replied, somewhat severely, 'and know very well that the cost per dozen was not in my thought; much or little, that to me is perfectly immaterial, for without the least inconvenience you can draw a cheque and settle your wine merchant's account immediately it is presented, but the account which nature has against you for every glass of wine you take cannot be so easily written off. When the pleasurable feeling caused by your comforter is exhausted you have to pay for it with increased irritation and depression. You are yourself an illustration of the truth declared by Solomon when he said, "Wine is a mocker." Notwithstanding all your Band of Hope experience it has succeeded in mocking, deceiving, and cheating you, as it does everyone who takes it.'

'Still, the glass of wine is a comfort, auntie, and if nature sends in her bill I must pay up, but at present she has not troubled me in the slightest, and the comfort is so great that I am willing to pay something for it.'

'It is all a delusion, my dear John; both the comfort you speak of and your view of nature as being such an easy creditor, and that delusion may spread until you are entirely possessed by it, and have been led to look upon strong drinks as good, and your Band of Hope teaching as altogether false.'

'Never that, auntie,' he replied, with emphasis. 'I think you take a too serious view of the matter. Now, if there were any grounds to fear, that I should overstep the bounds of moderation there would be some reason in your talk, but as it is you appear to me rather unreasonable.

'John, I am disappointed in you.'

I felt I could hardly trust myself to say more, and at that moment he had to return to the shop, and our conversation was thereby cut short.

Yes; I was disappointed in John; that was just my feeling. It was not that I had any great fear as to his future, for he was by no means of a weak nature, not at all the kind of man likely to give way to his appetite or be led astray by convivial companions. Of course, we know that no man is ever perfectly safe who takes the drink, for even the wisest and strongest have been overcome unawares, so delusive and insidious is wine, especially when, 'it moveth itself aright and giveth its color in the cup.' I have learned to dread the 'mocker,' more since than I did at the time of which I am writing. I could not then, grieved as I felt, bring myself to believe that my John could be in any real danger on account of the wine which he occasionally took. My sore disappointment arose from the feeling that he had gone over to the enemy. From henceforth his influence would be on the side of the drink, and though he might never be an aggressive foe to temperance, yet foe he must be, since in the temperance warfare 'he that is not with us is against us.' I think he was perfectly sincere in refusing a wine and spirit agency, at the same time I had a feeling that while he himself was a drinker, of however moderate a type, he must necessarily be regarded as being engaged in the trade as a buyer if not as a seller. It seemed to me that when the sight of the wine bottle in his hand brought the knowledge that he was no longer an abstainer a great gulf rose between us, and John Sinclair could never be to me in the future what he had been in the past. He was none the less dear to me as his mother's son, but he was not the same John.

Although my visit lasted for two or three weeks longer the subject of our conversation did not come up between us again, but John could see that it was often in my mind. He did say when wishing me good bye, 'Don't worry yourself too much over that drop of wine, auntie dear. You need not fear me. I shall be all right.'

'I pray God you may be,' said I fervently, and with that we parted.

I occasionally received a letter from the Sinclairs, always couched in kind and affectionate terms, with inquiries as to when I could again visit them. And so the months passed on. One day I was much startled at receiving the following telegram:

'John has met with an accident. Please come.'

In less than an hour I was on my way to Boreham. Riding in an omnibus from the station I heard two gentlemen talking of the accident and learned from them that John had been thrown from his horse.

I found the dear boy in a critical condition, but medical skill and careful nursing saved him, and in time he became convalescent.

We were talking one day about the accident when John said:

'No one suspects the real cause, unless it is yourself, auntie; but had I not interviewed my wife's comforter before mounting the accident would not have happened. What do you think of that, Annie, love?' to his wife, 'not that I attach the slightest blame to you, darling.'

'But I am nowise free from blame, John, dear, and a comforter that has nearly cost me my husband is one too expensive for me to keep in the house. What do you say, love?'

'As you have spoken, so be it, love.'

I said nothing, but I could see that John had come back from the enemy, and his wife with him.—'Aunt Jane, in Temperance Record.'

The Wrong Side of Temper.

A story is told of a small boy who was in the habit of getting up in the morning, wrong side to, as his older brother expressed it, and beginning the day by finding fault with everything, and fretting over whatever came in his way.

One morning, after he had been unusually aggravating, his mother sent him to his room, with orders to remove every article of his clothing, turn it wrong side out, put it on and come downstairs.

She waited a reasonable length of time, and as her son did not make his appearance, she went up to see what was the matter. She found him standing before the mirror, a picture of despair and disgust. His clothes were wrong side out, and there were seams and ravelings, raw edges and frizzles and incongruities galore. In a voice, pitched between tears and temper, he exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, it is dreadful! Can't I put them on right?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'if you will put your temper on right side out and promise to wear it that way; but, remember, if you forget, and turn your temper wrong side out, you must wear your clothes to match.'

The youngster quickly restored the normal condition of his wardrobe, and left his room a wiser lad than when he entered it.

We are sometimes inclined to regret that it is not possible to take some of the full-grown and foolish children of this world and put them through some such salutary discipline as this small boy was subjected to. Now and again one meets a person with a steady, quiet, well-groomed, well-managed temper and temperament, a person whose very presence is restful, whose counsel commends itself to our good sense, and whose general deportment is well worth patterning after. But there is a large and flourishing contingent that is irritable, petulant, unreasonable, and ever ready to turn the wrong side of the temper outermost. It is one of the most difficult of tasks to teach a child self-control. And if the child has not learned it, one may despair of impressing it upon the mind of the adult. An undisciplined nature is an extremely unpleasant thing to come in contact with, even occasionally; but, as a comrade, a dweller under the same roof, it is simply an infliction. It is an annoyance, and may easily become intolerable.

To cultivate a philosophical turn of mind, to educate oneself to accept the ills and cares of life as among the inevitables, to make the best of everything, and to persistently turn the right side and the best side to the world, is, to have found the secret of comfortable living and to be assured of the good will of the circle of which the individual forms a part.—'New York 'Ledger.'

Three Great Physicians.

(By the Rev. H. Edmund Leigh, M.A.)

A French physician, it is said,
Both erudite and wise,
When laid upon his dying bed,
Did thus a friend advise:

'I know that I am going soon,
My life is at its end!
Three great physicians, wondrous boon!
Instead of me I send.

'The first is Diet, firmly based
On good digestion's laws;
Neglect it, and men spoil their taste,
And certain illness cause.

'Next Exercise to labor joined,
And health by law Divine;
To keep at ease the soul and mind,
Be this physician thine!

'The third is water, which distils,
In dew, and drops of rain,
And flows in countless sparkling rills,
An antidote to pain.'

His friend prescribed this nostrum wise,
As sadly he withdrew—
'Take Diet, Water, Exercise,
Or—more concisely, D E W.'

Correspondence

'FAIR CANADA.'

North Brookfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and was surprised to see that anyone considers Canada 'cold,' and by 'Walter's' remarks, conclude he has never been in Canada, where I have lived for thirteen years, or all my life. If he could be here in April and May, and see the beautiful pink and white arbutus, violets, clintonas, and starflowers, or in June and July, and see the magnificent roses and waterlilies, or, better still, in Autumn, and help gather the apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, and berries too numerous to mention, he would be willing to put up with a few months of skating, coasting, and sleigh-riding, which it is our lot to enjoy.

THERESA.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

Cheverie, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I saw in your last paper a letter that set me to thinking. I was coming from the office with the 'Messenger,' when I saw the corner of a letter which said that scrap-books would be gladly received in such places as hospitals, etc.

I wonder if any Nova Scotia correspondent could tell me who to address to get information about the people who get the scrap-books?

It is nearly vacation time now, and I thought that I would soon have time to do some of that sort of work.

My grandma has a vast accumulation of old religious papers. She does not think it right to destroy them, and I am almost sure I could have them for any good cause. Your reader,

N. E. N.

[If N. E. N. will write to Mrs. O. C. Whiteman, Canso, N.S., W. C. T. U., Superintendent of Work among Sailors, Fishermen and Lighthouse Keepers, she will probably hear of some place where scrap-books would be much appreciated.—Editor.]

A TRIP TO MANITOBA.

Roland.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write to you about my trip to Manitoba. On March 28 my brother-in-law and his family and ourselves, took our stock and belongings to the village of Kinmount, a distance of fifteen miles, through rain and mud.

Two freight cars were at the station awaiting us, and we spent a busy afternoon loading them. We stayed all night in Kinmount, and next morning we boarded the train bound from Haliburton to Lindsay. We had to change cars at Lindsay, and at fifteen minutes to twelve, we steamed into the Union station at Toronto. My brother-in-law and father did not get into Toronto till six o'clock, as they had to go around by Whitby. As we had to stay so long a time in Toronto, we thought we would go and see some of the city. We were over a great part of the city, and saw a great many magnificent buildings. At seven o'clock we left Toronto.

The colonist cars are well furnished, the seats being well cushioned, and easily made into sleepers. There is also a bunk overhead. There is almost every convenience that is anyway needed. We passed through all the Canadian cities at night. We passed through the St. Clair tunnel, under the St. Clair River. The cars were sealed at Port Huron and unsealed at Emerson. We passed through a fine part of Michigan, in which the two principal, and best laid out places were Lansing and Battle Creek. South Bend is the principal, as well as the prettiest place we saw in Indiana. In Illinois we saw the city of Chicago. We passed through Wisconsin, and in Minnesota we passed through the great railway centre of St. Paul. At Morris we had to wait four hours, but once started we were not long in reaching Roland, where we were met by my brothers, who had preceded us to Manitoba two years ago.

WILLIAM R.

A MISSIONARY COLLECTION.

Dear Editor,—I have been sick for two weeks, and could not go to school. It was a long two weeks to me, I am almost well now. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a year and a half. We like it very much. I read some of it, my mother reads the rest to me.

I would like to write a missionary letter, but do not know how. I remember a story mother read out of the 'Messenger,' of how some heathen children were punished for trying to live Christians. I have been a little missionary collector for three years. I like to collect missionary money, for I feel as though I am doing a little good. From your little seven-year-old friend,

CLAUDE.

Grand Pre Farm, Grenfell, Assa.

Dear Editor, — I see by the 'Messenger,' that I have taken the prize for February. As it is a busy season, I will not write much now, but will write a long letter in the summer holidays. I will just congratulate Tena Macfarlane for obtaining the March prize. Your faithful reader,

EMILY.

Maple Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. We have taken the 'Messenger' for as long as I can remember. Papa takes twelve different papers, but I think the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Sabbath Reading' are the best papers we take. I have read so many letters in the 'Messenger,' that I thought I would write one. I have a horse whose name is Dock. I have six brothers and four sisters.

BERTHA.

Thedford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I like it. I am very much interested in the letters on the page called Correspondence. We have five calves, and fourteen little goslings, which I like very much. When I come home from school, and go out to them, they come running to meet me and look up in my face as much as to say, 'Will you please give me some dinner?' Your ten year old reader,

ETHEL.

Sisseton, S.D.

Dear Editor,—I think I was the first subscriber to the 'Messenger,' in South Dakota. Mamma used to read it when she was a little girl. Grandpa got it then. They lived in Ontario then. We all like it very much, and watch for its coming. The next time I write I can tell you about the Indians and Indian schools which are only a few miles south of here, if you think it would be interesting to your many readers. I know a few Indian words. We live on the Wahpeton and Sisseton reservation. Yours truly.

Victoria,

Age ten years.

Roundthwaite, Man.

Dear Editor,—Last summer I caught a little wild rabbit, out on the prairie. It was so small you could almost put it in a cup. It used to sleep with the cats, and the old cat licked it and the kitten turn about. It used to drink milk with them too. But one day it went away and we did not see it again. I belong to the Home Mission Band. I gave them my quarter-dollar bill last summer,

DONLY.

Weston, N.S.

Dear Editor, — I am twelve years old. I have three brothers and a sister, all younger than myself. We live on the old homestead, called Oakhill Farm, situated in the beautiful Cornwallis Valley. Grandma lives with us. She will be ninety-four years old in June. She often tells us children about this place eighty-three years ago, when she first came here to live; apples, pears, plums and cherries, now take the place of the forests. We keep horses, cattle, sheep and poultry. We boys have great fun riding the horses to water; we do not have to carry or pump water for our stock as we have a brook near the house.

I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since I can remember, and have got some new subscribers for you in the past years. My mamma says it is the very best children's paper published. It helps us in our temperance lessons. I am a temperance boy, and my mamma is superintendent of our Juvenile Temple. Yours truly,

LAMONT.

De Bert Station.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a year and a half. I have a sister and a brother. I have two cats, and their names are Tricksy and Poppy; and I have a colt and her name is Maud. Yours truly,

EUGENE.

THORNTON'S CAT.

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much. I have a little kitten at home, its name is Spring. It tears the curtains. It sometimes fights its mother very wickedly. Now it is sleeping on father's arm-chair. I hear the old mother cat give a mew. We all like animals, except mother.

THORNTON,

Six years old.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Seneca, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for more than a year, my mamma said she would get it for me as a birthday present, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence.

I have three pet cats, and we used to have a dog, but he ran away.

FRANCES H.

Age eleven.

A JUNIOR ENDEAVORER.

Vankleek Hill.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I have just one sister and a papa and mamma. I take the 'Messenger,' and we all like to read it. I have one pet, a little bird. It is in a cage, and it sings all the time. Sometimes we let it out of the cage, and it will fly all round the room.

I go to Sunday-school, and I always learn my Golden Text, and Catechism. I belong to the Junior Christian Endeavor. My sister, who is bigger than me, sometimes leads the meeting. My papa keeps a store, and he teaches a class in the Sunday-school.

FANNIE.

A SUGGESTION.

Lake George, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old, and have taken the 'Messenger,' for four years, and like it very well. I live close by a beautiful lake, from which the place takes its name. It is not a very large lake. It is three miles long by two wide. We have very pleasant times in summer fishing and sailing. I live about three miles from the St. John River, which is the largest river in New Brunswick. Lake George is a very pretty place. The antimony mines of this place were extensively worked up to about 1887, when they stopped until the present year, and now they have started again. We have three churches, and we have church and prayer-meeting every fortnight. I am the only one in this place who takes the 'Messenger,' and I get it every Saturday night. I wish some of the children from distant parts of the Dominion would write a description of the places where they live. I think it would be a great deal more interesting than geography. I have no pets, but we have a little dog called Thisbie, about two years old. Yours truly,

VIOLET.

NEAR THE INDIANS.

Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I enjoy reading the little letters from the children and as I did not see any letters from Prince Albert I thought I would like to tell you about our town.

It is situated on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. Part of the town is on a hill and the rest is in the valley. I live on the hill and I can see fir trees on the hills far beyond.

In the month of June the hill is a bed of roses and other sweet flowers.

The little violet and sweet grasses, of which I enclose a bunch, are peeping out all over the prairie now. Our spring is late this year, as the trees are just coming into leaf.

We cross the river on a ferry-boat, and about seven miles away is an Indian reserve. There, Miss Baker, a good woman, is trying to bring those heathen Indians to the Saviour. She has succeeded in bringing a few to Jesus, but there are many who have not come yet. There is a poor Indian who has been suffering all winter with his leg and now has to have it cut off. I am nine years old. I have two brothers and one little sister called Ida.

KATE.

[I thank you for the bunch of violets and sweet grass, they are very fragrant.—Editor.]

LITTLE FOLKS

Chinese Sunday-School Children.

(By Eliza Von Gunten, Wuhu, China.)

I want to tell you a little of these dear 'almond-eyed' and lily-footed children, and I am sure you will take an interest and let them have a warm place in your hearts. I have loved and prayed for them ever since God first spoke to me about China, and although I have been in China for so long, still it is only within the last year that I have been working directly for the children. I love them very much, and I wish you could all learn to know these little ones as I do. They are very much like the children in America, only they have heathen parents who teach them from their infancy to worship idols.

Like all other children, they are simple and believe what is told them, and their young and tender hearts are much quicker in grasping the blessed truth than the older and grown-up people.

Now, I want to tell you a little about four of my little Sunday-school children. I wonder if some of you would not like to remember their names and pray for them daily. They have been coming ever since June, and I am sure you would be pleased to hear them sing the hymns they have learned, such as 'Jesus Loves Me,' and 'There's a Friend for Little Children,' and many others. They can also repeat several pages of the catechism, and, praise God! their little hearts are learning to know the meaning of it. My heart was deeply touched some time ago while they were waiting for me to come to open the meeting, instead of romping about, like children usually do, they all knelt down and the oldest was leading in prayer. Is this not a token that our work among them is not in vain?

K'iov-uin, which means 'lucky cloud,' is the eight-year-old daughter of the iron worker, who lives just across the street. A most blessed work has been done in her heart. One day there were a number of children in, and each had a piece of red cloth sewed on their hoods. I asked the meaning of it, and they told me that the smallpox spirit would come around, and if he saw the red cloth he would think that they had had it and would not give it to them again. I asked if they would deceive the spirit like that? K'iov-uin quickly answered, 'I don't do those things now because I trust Jesus to protect me.' Was'nt this a bright little testimony?

Iong-ioo, meaning 'glory,' is a boy of twelve years. He was asked by some of his heathen schoolmates to join them in gambling, and he answered, 'No, I belong to the people who go to heaven, and I won't do those things.' Won't you, dear boys, who know Jesus, pray for him

that he will indeed take a decided stand for Christ? He is now just about the age where he will have to train in with the heathen worshippers or else stand true for Jesus.

And now come Iong-too's two little sisters, named San-lien and Si-lien, meaning the third and fourth child. As they were girls they were not worthy of a better name. However I have given them each one, and now won't you pray for Peh-hua, meaning white lily, and Mei-hua, meaning rose? Peh-hua is betrothed and will soon have to go to her heathen mother-in-law; then her lot may be a sad one! Mei-hua is my little pet. She asked her mother to unbind her little feet because she knew I did not like bound feet, and she wants to come and live with us so that she, too, could teach people as we did. Her mother told me this, and then added, 'If you promise her support when she is grown up I will not betroth her, but let her come here to study.' I am trusting that ere long the Lord will provide us a Christian teacher so that we can open a day school for them.

I wonder if any of you dear children have the Berean Picture Lesson cards? I had some given me before coming here, which I have been giving the children after the lesson every Sunday and they appreciate them so much. Yesterday, I told the children that the cards were almost gone and asked them if I should write you children in America for some, and what should I say to you for them. Little Mei-hua, with her face fairly twisted in a smile, said, 'O ting hsi-huan hua ri!' (Oh, I am so pleased with these pictures!) So you can know, dear children, your cards will be appreciated by these little Chinese children.

Dear children, will we not be faithful to these dear ones in prayer? Their homes and lives are very different from yours; but Jesus loves them and we want them to know and follow him; that their young lives may tell for his glory and be used to bring the older ones to Jesus. 'And a little child shall lead them.'—'Christian and Missionary Alliance.'

Aunt Ellen's Rule of Three.

(By Julia H. Johnston, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Aunt Ellen was having a noisy time at her house. It was Uncle Gray's house, too, for that matter, and he was having his share of the noisy time, but it was not as large as Aunt Ellen's share, for he was away from home part of each day. Four cousins were spending the vacation at the roomy old place, just outside a busy little village.

Harry and Harriet, the Belden twins, and Lucy and Raymond Lee, made the four. What a treat it was for them to come! 'The young things seem fairly wild,' Uncle Gray said, and Aunt Ellen answered, 'Never mind. Let them frisk about like young colts without harness, so long as they do no harm.'

'Very well,' said Uncle again, 'so long as it is not the noise of quarrelling, let them shout and run all they want to.'

The two pairs of cousins had not met before, but they became famous friends at once, and although

each was different in some things from others, they were all good-natured and obliging and fond of fun.

Aunt Ellen helped in the good times, only holding back the children when needful and speaking a quiet little word of warning or of help now and then, turning the young hearts toward the best things in the happiest way.

So the summer went on, and each one was writing the story of it day after day, without knowing it, and the things in which the children were alike and those in which they were different, came to stand out before the kind uncle and auntie, like capital letters, as they watched the four, and the four themselves were learning vacation lessons, which often are worth as much as some that are to be found in books during busy school days.

The children undertook a great many things. Really, you would suppose that they thought themselves young giants, equal to anything, from their numerous undertakings and large plans. They were determined to do some gardening, as that was something children always did in books, Harriet said, and as all the garden beds were far beyond the planting time, each was given a bed to care for, just as it was. They wanted to make all sorts of things to take back with them at the end of the beautiful vacation time, and frames and various fancy things of cones and twigs were industriously begun. Leaves and flowers were to be pressed, and sweet herbs gathered, and treasures of all kinds were to be stored. Each meant to have a cabinet filled with curious things found thereabouts, for these abounded. In addition to the every-day plays and plans, there were the Sunday lessons to be learned as regularly as at home. It will be seen that there was actually plenty to do.

As Aunt Ellen watched the children she noticed one thing that seemed common to all, till by and by, a certain phrase grew very familiar.

'That will do well enough,' said Harry, hurrying to put away the hoe, after giving a hasty scrape to his garden bed that needed attention.

'That will do well enough,' said Harriet, hastily, putting away a book in which she was pressing flowers, without waiting to lay each petal perfectly straight.

'That will do well enough,' Lucy said, as she arranged a bouquet of bright flowers. 'It would look better with some more green, but it will do'

'Have you learned your Sunday-school lesson, Raymond?' asked auntie, after sending him to a quiet corner to study it.

'Well enough,' was the answer.

'Nothing is well enough till it is done as well as possible,' said Aunt Ellen, and she wondered how she could get the children to learn this lesson by heart.

The happy time was nearing the end, when one day auntie called the cousins to her, holding up four odd little packages, each bearing a name.

In perfect silence she handed to each one of these packets. Then she said:

'Harriet, go to the barn-chamber, to your favorite nook there, and open yours. Lucy, take yours to the swing; Raymond, open yours up in the apple tree; Harry, take yours to the seat by the spring-house. Stay till I call you, and then come to me.'

It was very mysterious, certainly, this sending each one alone to a favorite place, but all went obediently. There were various wrappings to be taken off, and finally each found a pretty card, with four lines written upon it with the words, 'Learn by heart,' above them. Each obeyed, and in twenty minutes auntie's call was heard. 'I will hear you say your lesson in concert,' she said, and the children recited:

'Good, better, best,
Never let it rest
Till your good is better,
And your better, best.'

You may be sure that the way they had learned these lines impressed them on their memories.

'I call this a rule of three, to make it easy to remember,' said Aunt Ellen. 'Good, better, best are the three, and you must never stop with one. You need this lesson, and I want you to learn it Whatever you try to do, never stop with well enough, but go on to best, and God will help you.'

Was not this vacation lesson worth taking back to school?

Full, Yet Room Enough.

'Mamma,' said six-year-old Fred, 'I can't love God and you both, so I'll choose you.'

'Why, my child? what do you mean by saying that you cannot love both?' 'Cause that's what the Sunday school lesson says; it says that I must love God with all my heart, and there isn't but one "all" to it, so if I love him with all there won't be one bit left for you.' Mamma laughed, and only asked Fred to come with her. Going to the cellar she quietly asked him to help her fill a large pan with potatoes.

'There,' said he, piling on the last big fellow, 'it's full.'

'Full, yet there is room,' answered mother, as she next took a bag of peas and commenced to shake them into the big crevices between the potatoes. She poured and shook until a quart or more had disappeared, and the pan was specked with white.

'Neither is it full yet,' she said; and, taking up a shovelful of sand, she scattered that over the pan, and it too disappeared, and another after it.

'Not full yet,' she said again, as she took up a cup and began pouring water on the pan, and she poured and poured until several quarts were gone.

'Now, you see how a thing can be full and yet hold more of something else. So your heart may be full of the love of God, and plenty of room left for me, and papa, and sister, and play, and books.'—'Juvenile Paper.'

Be a Gentleman.

Rough clothes and toil-worn hands, my boy,
No barriers are to this estate;
If but your heart has no alloy—
Is purest gold—no stroke of fate
Can ever interpose a ban
Against your claim of gentleman.

What though your fare be pulse and bread,
Your only ware an earthen bowl?
Still proudly may you lift your head,
If you possess a noble soul;
I care not what your race or clan,
You still may be a gentleman.

White hands are often but the sign
That marks the idler in the mart:
Then envy not his linen fine,
For it may hide an unclean heart;
A spotless raiment never can
Make any boy a gentleman.

Be honest, steadfast, true and pure,
And do your work with willing hands,
And your reward is always sure,
Though not expressed in gold or lands;
Be constant, and I know you can
Win that fair name—a gentle-man.
—Waif.

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON XV.—HOW TO TAKE WATER.

1. What is the best way to take water and other drinks?

Neither very hot nor very cold.

2. Why is it not safe to drink much ice-water?

Because it cools the body too suddenly.

3. What is a safe way to cool drinking-water with ice?

Set it on ice until it is cool, but not ice-cold.

4. What should you do if you could get none but ice-cold water?

Drink but little, and take it in small sips.

5. Suppose we are in the habit of liking very hot or very cold drinks?

Make our habits right, and we shall soon learn to like the right habits best.

6. Why is pure water a better drink than tea or coffee?

Because water does us good only, while tea and coffee hurt the nerves.

7. What is the best time to drink what we need?

Half an hour before eating.

8. Why is it not good to drink while eating?

Because it prevents the juices of the mouth from moistening the food.

9. What happens in the stomach when much fluid is taken with the food?

Digestion, the good work of the stomach, is stopped some minutes until the fluid is drawn off.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XV.—ALCOHOL AND THE BRAIN.

1. With what do you think?

With the mind.

2. What is the organ of the mind?

The brain, which is placed in the head.

3. Of what is the brain made?

Of soft white fibres or threads, and little cells of gray matter, folded and wrinkled very much like the meat of an English walnut. Four fifths of the brain is water, and the rest is mostly fat and albumen, like the white of an egg.

4. What is the shape and size of the brain?

Its shape is much like that of an egg. It is packed closely in the skull, and it usually weighs a little more than three pounds.

5. How is it protected from injury?

By the bones of the skull, which form a strong box for the brain.

6. What did you say the brain is for?

It is the organ of the mind. It does all our thinking, receives all our knowledge, plans all our actions, and controls all our movements.

7. How does it control our movements?

It is connected with all the other parts of the body, by small white cords, called nerves, over which it sends its messages to move or to keep still.

8. What may we call the brain?

We may call it the body's telegraph office, and the nerves the telegraph lines, while the mind is the operator.

9. If you cut your finger, what happens?

The finger telegraphs over its nerve to the brain, 'I am hurt'; and the brain answers back, 'Throw down your knife.'

10. Is the brain a busy organ?

Yes, indeed. It should be the hardest working part of the body.

11. Then what care should it have?

The very best of care. People who do hard brain work should be very well fed. They need better food than people who only work with their hands.

12. Does the brain waste like other parts of the body?

Yes; only faster. Every thought we think kills a little bit of the brain matter.

13. Then what must be done?

More brain matter must be built of the blood sent to the brain?

14. What sort of blood does this require?

Pure, healthy blood, made of good food. No other part of the body suffers so much from bad food as the brain does. It also needs fresh air and sunlight and sleep to keep it well and able to think strongly.

15. Is alcohol good brain food?

Alcohol is not food for anything, and injures the brain more, a good deal, than any other part of the body. It is especially a brain poison, and acts upon the brain at once. It seems to fly through the stomach and the blood-vessels to reach the brain in an instant.

16. How does alcohol injure the brain?

It carries to it bad blood, unfit to repair its waste. It robs it of its needful water and makes it hard. It really cooks the brain.

17. What else does it do?

It weakens the little blood-vessels so that they often burst, and let the blood flow out into the substance of the brain, producing apoplexy, of which many drinking people die.

18. Does it require a great deal of alcohol to do this?

No; a very little injures the brain, and every added drink does more mischief.

19. How does alcohol affect the brain's work?

It destroys the brain's power to think or to control the body as it ought.

20. When do we call a man drunk?

When his brain is so affected by alcohol that he cannot think or control his movements.

Hints to Teachers.

There can be no more interesting study than the effects of alcohol on the brain. Have, if possible, a picture of the brain—that mysterious realm where mind and matter meet—and of the whole nervous system. The children will snatch at the illustration of the telegraphic circuit, with its two lines of nerves, — one to take messages from the brain office to the hands, feet, etc., and the other making its quick reports to the brain. The necessity to keep instrument and lines in perfect order will be readily seen. Show them how, if they are not perfect, a poor hand, for instance, might be terribly burned without the brain knowing it. The hand will be just as sore as if the sleepy operator had known what was going on. The old, but always striking experiment, of pouring alcohol on the white of an egg, to illustrate the effect of alcohol on the albuminous substance of the brain, may well be introduced.

Plebiscite Plans.

Whatever plans or theories we may have about the right form of organization for the plebiscite campaign, and whatever efforts we may make to carry them out, we shall find that the organizations on either side which are going to do most of what will be done are the ones which have been at work all along, and which are therefore already to hand, namely, the individual bar-room on one side and the individual Christian congregation on the other. Much can be done by organization, to secure co-operation between these units, but these must remain the units of organization. Much may be done to marshal their forces for efficient work, but the congregation which does not spontaneously fly to its guns will hardly be got to them by any incitement which it is within the power of the Dominion Alliance to apply. Much has been vaguely said about the circulation of literature, and considerable effort has been made to supply the right kind of fly-sheets and tracts. We do not belittle this method, which was notoriously that by which Maine was won long ago, but it is not the greatest power. Any one who should propose to the ministers of Canada to substitute religious newspapers and tracts for their sermons as a means of bringing men to God, would be looked upon as knowing nothing of the powers which sway the human soul. If our religious leaders rightly judge when they count it indispensable to plant a preacher in every possible group of humanity, then it is obvious that so far as interesting the public in prohibition goes, the responsibility of the campaign rests largely with the preachers.

A correspondent in this paper appeals to the ministers to preach stated sermons on prohibition, at least until the plebiscite is taken. The answer will come back without hesitation, 'Why, I have already preached my prohibition sermon, without any need of advice from temperance societies or newspaper writers. I would only tire my hearers by repeating it.' Living, as we do, in constant fear of writing what will be skipped, we quite agree with this view. People are not interested in things written or said in proportion to their importance. There is nothing that even good people tire of quicker than moralizing, however valuable or cogent. The end will not be accomplished without hard work. The first object is to strengthen the waverers or indifferent in the prohibition army itself, namely, the church-going multitude. To interest these there is material enough to hand. They can generally furnish it themselves in the objections they raise to voting or working for prohibition. The minister's task, as thus set for him, is the same as that which confronts him in his 'cure of souls,' namely, to find out what men's difficulties and subterfuges are, and to deal with them intelligently and convincingly. If a minister has no gainsayers in his own congregation he can easily find them outside of it or in such able letters as one or two which have been printed in the 'Witness,' in the hope that they would prove useful for this very purpose. Nothing is gained by slurring over the difficulties and objections raised. To face and lay them is indeed the readiest way to get up some warmth upon the subject.

If an unconvinced element could be got to discuss the whole matter in a meeting of the congregation, the interest might become very great. Having their interest and enthusiasm aroused in this way, and their wits sharpened upon the subject, the minister will find some hearty fellow-workers, few or many, who will divide among them the district or parcel of names assigned to them. These will find some voters quite prepared to promise their vote, and others opposed or quite indifferent. They will be met with unexpected objections. These would form good material for debate at the next congregational meeting, where the proper way of answering them might be evolved. The minister must, all through, accept the responsibility of being the thinker for the rest, that is, if there are no other able and willing to give an earnest mind to the problems involved. We have here suggested the simplest form in which a campaign of education may be carried on. Travelling organizers and speakers may happen along, and the utmost should be made locally of every aid to co-operative union. But these should not be allowed in any way to supersede the spontaneous work of the congregation itself, led by its minister, full of zeal to deliver the land from its great curse.—'Montreal Witness.'

Lending Books.

A very laudable form of Christian Endeavor came under my notice recently that has been the means of much blessing. An earnest Christian man in an Ontario town keeps on hand copies of such spiritually helpful books as 'The Way of Life,' 'Grace and Truth,' 'Life for a Look,' and 'The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.' When there is an individual in whom he is deeply interested, he selects a book which seems to be suited to his or her spiritual condition and loans it, with the request that it be read carefully and returned. Earnest prayer is then made that the book may be used to meet the needs of the particular person. Several books are thus kept in circulation at the same time. Through this simple form of personal service souls have been led to Christ, and many have been comforted and strengthened in the divine life. This is but one illustration of the truth that where there is an earnest desire to serve Christ ways will be devised of reaching others with the truth. Love for the Saviour is bound to manifest itself in service for others. The most ordinary service, when performed in the right spirit, may become fruitful beyond all proportion to its extent. No work done for Christ is ever wasted. Opportunities to do good greet us daily in our homes, among our associates, in our societies, and in the world. Those who use them faithfully and lovingly, even though apparently unimportant, when the record of the years is made known will be astonished by great and glad results.—'Endeavor Era.'

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

The Risen Lord.

Matt xxviii., 8-20. Memory verses 18-20.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xxviii., 1-20.—The Risen Lord.
T. Luke xxiv., 1-12.—'The Son of man . . . must rise again.
W. Luke xxiv., 13-35.—'The Lord is risen indeed.'
T. Luke xxiv., 36-53.—'Behold my hands and my feet.'
F. John xxi., 1-25.—'Jesus showed himself again to the disciples.'
S. I. Cor. xv., 1-20.—'Last of all he was seen of me.'
S. Rev. i., 1-20.—'He that liveth, and was dead.'

Golden Text.

'I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive forevermore.'—Rev. i., 18.

Lesson Story.

We have studied the sad lessons about the crucifixion of our Redeemer, we now come to the glorious lesson of his Resurrection and Ascension. A set of soldiers had been stationed at the tomb to guard it, lest the disciples should come to take the body of Christ away. Very early in the morning of the first day of the week, an angel descended from heaven and rolled away the great stone from the door of the sepulchre. The soldiers fainted with terror. The angel bade the two Marys, who had come to the tomb, not to fear, but to hasten and tell the disciples that their Risen Lord was going before them into Galilee.

Trembling, and with great joy they ran to tell the disciples. As they went, Jesus met them and greeted them. Then they worshipped him, and Jesus bade them not to be afraid but to go and tell his brethren that they should go into Galilee and there see him.

The soldiers who had been set to guard the tomb hurried to the city and there told the chief priests all they had seen of the resurrection. These, when they had consulted with the elders, gave heavy bribes to the soldiers to spread the lie that Christ's disciples had come by night and stolen the body away while the soldiers slept, promising that if the governor heard of it they would bribe him to let them off! So the soldiers took the money and diligently spread the report.

Then the eleven disciples went into Galilee, to a mountain that Jesus had appointed, and there they met him with about five hundred other disciples. Our Lord spoke to them, words of promise and comfort, (Acts i., 4-8; Mark xvi., 15-18.), and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations ('make disciples, or Christians of all nations'), baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

Lesson Hymn.

He was not willing that any should perish,
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out his life for us—wonderful love!
Perishing! Perishing! Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair.

Plenty for pleasure, but little for Jesus,
Time for the world, with its troubles and toys,
No time for Jesus' work, feeding the hungry,
Lifting lost souls to eternity's joys.
Perishing! Perishing! Hark, how they call us;
Bring us your Saviour, oh, tell us of Him!
We are so weary, so heavily laden,
And with long weeping our eyes have grown dim.

He was not willing that any should perish;
Am I his follower, and can I live
Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
Perishing! Perishing! Thou art not willing,
Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
Banish our worldliness, help us to ever,
Live with eternity's values in view.

—L. R. M.

Lesson Hints.

'Jesus met them'—Jesus meets and accompanies all those who go on his errands. They recognized him, he looked the same as before, but his body was now an immortal body, such as we shall some day have, not subject to pain or disease of any kind.

'They worshipped him'—the Prince of Life, the Conquerer of death.

'Be not afraid'—Christ's word of comfort and command to all timorous hearts throughout the ages.

'Go and tell'—the universal command to all who hear the good news of God's love.

'His disciples came by night'—a ridiculous story and palpable falsehood. The soldiers could not have slept through the rolling away of the stone. The penalty of sleep on duty was death, they would not have dared tell such a disgraceful story had they not been heavily bribed by those who should have been the country's leaders in purity and truth.

'Until this day'—not only until Matthew wrote his account of Christ's life, but to this day all sorts of falsehoods are fabricated and circulated concerning the resurrection. If man can do away with the resurrection he denies the whole of God's truth in the bible.

Primary Lesson.

'Go!' 'Tell!'

When a captain gives a command, what must the soldiers do? Obey.

Who is the 'Captain of our salvation'? Jesus.

Who are his soldiers? We are, if we love him and try to be what he would have us be.

What command has he given us? 'Go and tell.'

Where must we go? Wherever our Captain sends us.

What must we tell? We must tell the glad story of the Risen Jesus, the Prince of Life, who is mighty to save. Wherever we go we must show by our lives that we are soldiers of Jesus, and whenever we can we must tell of his wonderful love.

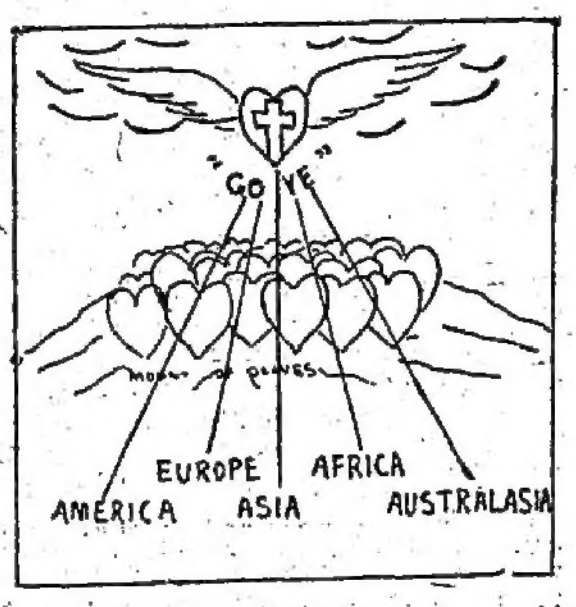
Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say, of the children of men,
'Nobody ever has told me before.'

Suggested Hymns.

'Tell it out!' 'There's a royal banner,' 'Tell it again,' 'Far, far away, in heathen darkness,' 'I'll go where you want me to go,' 'Our blest Redeemer,' 'March on, march on, ye soldiers true,' 'Who is on the Lord's side?'

The Lesson Illustrated.

Joy at last; for him and for us. The winged symbol tells of the ascending Saviour, the hearts gathered stand on the Mount of Olives for the five hundred who



saw him go from us. The words are his sacred, last command, his turning over to us of his own great work, and the rays of light point the disciples to the great divisions of 'all the world,' and the dwelling-places of 'all nations,' to whom he sent them. To whom he sends us also. One thousand million of them still wait in darkness because we have not gone. He said 'Go ye.' What is your excuse? Why are you not going? Is he satisfied?

GO YE?

Practical Points.

June 19.—Matt. xxviii., 8-20.

A. H. CAMERON.

When we run in the path of duty Jesus will meet us. Verses 8, 9. The gospel is not to be bottled up and hermetically sealed. Verse 10. A gift blindeth the eye, and they who accept bribes sacrifice the truth. Verses 11-14. The love of gain has ruined many a fair life, and broken many a heart. Verse 15: II. Tim. iv., 10. The doubters are a large class, but their influence is lessening as the light spreads. Verses 16, 17.

Along with our marching orders our Captain couples the gracious promise of his presence and what more can we wish? Verses 18-20.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

June 19.—True friendship. — Prov. xviii., 24: Mark v., 15-19: John xv., 12-15.

The Home Department.

The ideal Sunday-school aims to secure every person in the community for its membership, after the stage of baby-hood is passed. None are too old; they belong in God's bible-school on earth until they are called home to the Father's house. But some cannot attend Sunday-school. There are invalids shut up at home. There are aged and infirm ones who cannot leave the fireside. There are women having the care of homes and little children. Test the matter in your own neighborhood; study the people who live in all the houses, and you are forced to the conclusion that while most people could attend the Sunday-school if they would, some feel obliged to say honestly and often sorrowfully, 'I cannot be a Sunday-school scholar.' 'Yes, you can,' may be the cheerful answer, 'by joining the Home Department.'

This feature has been explained and emphasized in Sunday-school journals, and at conventions; but many workers have hardly noticed the movement, and have no conception of its features. The plan is simple, and can be worked to advantage in any neighborhood.

Let the superintendent consult with his teachers and arrange for a thorough canvass of all the houses in the neighborhood. Find out who are not enrolled in the Sunday-school and cannot attend its sessions. Ask them to enroll in the home department. They will not understand what is expected of them. Explain simply that their names are to be on the record, they are to receive the lesson helps and study the lessons. The visitor will call upon them monthly or weekly to convey the literature and talk with them about their studies. They are to be considered as members of the school, sharing in its privileges, and helping in its work.

A modest and yet open door of usefulness is set before these visitors of the Home Department. They are brought into contact with souls that specially need the stimulus and cheer of some interest outside the home, that shall relieve their sense of isolation. Nobody wishes to be altogether forgotten, and to feel that all human interests are shut in by the walls of the house that confines the body.

The Home Department, in some form, ought to be a part of your Sunday-school work. There is no exclusive and patent method to which you must conform. You can evolve your own system if you choose; but the experience of other workers in the same line may help in the solution of your problems.—'Sunday-school World.'

Good Literature.

One good-literature committee has a name to live, and is not dead. It provides each committee with two envelopes, and keeps one of them full of clippings on general topics. Another similar committee spreads a table in the church lecture-room with religious books, tracts, magazines, and places a table in the vestibule to receive reading matter for the sick and imprisoned.

HOUSEHOLD.

Children's Appetites.

To promote children's appetites there is no better plan than to give them plenty of out-door exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them only upon plain nourishing food, and they will seldom, if ever, complain of a lack of appetite. Never, however, keep them overtasked in school, or confine them closely to the house after school hours, and frown down any attempt at play. If children are fed on rich, or highly seasoned foods, nuts, etc., or allowed to eat between meals, it is hopeless to expect them to have an appetite for their proper meals. Don't allow them to study too much, especially keep them from reading the 'penny dreadful.' Sickness is the most expensive nuisance in the world, and, although there may be cases, when it makes people or children better, it generally makes them selfish and miserable. The best way to make children happy and good is to keep them well.—N. Y. 'Ledger.'

Two Kinds of Visitors.

A writer in the Michigan 'Advocate,' tells of a young woman, who, visiting a friend, was reminded in a pleasant, lady-like manner by the lady of the house, that their usual bedtime had arrived and as the guest looked tired, perhaps she would like to retire. The young woman, as there were but two ladies in the room, had begun to take down crimps, etc., and the hostess supposed was preparing for bed. Not so. With an impudent toss of the head she replied, 'Oh, no, I'm not going to bed. I generally sit up as late as I like, and lie as long as I like in the morning.'

The lady of the house was so surprised and insulted (for the look was that), that she only said, 'I feared you might not like to rise to our early breakfast if late hours were kept,' and soon retired, leaving the young woman to keep her daughter up for two hours beyond her usual bedtime, and as she was a working-woman, and had her allotted task awaiting her in the morning, of course she went to her employment anything but rested. What cared the impudent guest? In the morning, sure enough, she kept breakfast awaiting her pleasure a half-hour beyond the usual time. And when the dinner hour arrived, and she was called and did not appear, the hostess going to her room, found her in the middle of an unmade bed, in wrapper, surrounded with reading matter, quite at her ease. With the same impudent face she said. 'Oh, yes, I heard the bell. I must dress.'

There may be persons whose self-esteem is so enormous as to make them believe they are conferring a benefit in allowing their entertainers to thus wait their pleasure, but for myself, when invited to visit friends, especially in hot weather, I feel that I am causing extra work and cares, and, that my duty, while visiting, is to make those cares lighter by my constant efforts in the household. I am to conform to all its rules, not make my own. I am to see when the little ones are teasing mother, whose hands are full in preparing dinner, and taking them out on the veranda, together with a certain mending basket I find full in mamma's room and surreptitiously appropriate, while amusing them with a story, make lighter the basket of work. Because I am a visitor, I am to see that politeness on my part is not to be dispensed with, or helpfulness, or self-denial. I am not to expect that they are to be kept on the qui vive every moment, lest I shall not be entertained. But given my room, I must not (as I have known guests to do) spend almost all my time in it except at meal times, plainly by so doing saying to my hostess, 'You are only my cook; your company is not desirable!' While not annoying her by 'keeping at her heels all the time,' as one writer has already protested against, I can show her in a thousand ways that I came for something besides her cooking, good as it may be. I am not to prefer especially my room, when there are extra labors on hand. For instance, the after-dinner hour on a hot day, when the mother, utterly wearied out with preparing it and keeping the children all right and all the domestic wheels moving, feels that she is hardly competent to dispose of the extra pile of dishes that must be washed. Protest as she politely may, I can seize the wiper in spite of her, and save her a little time to rest. Of course if there are servants this is not needed, but if, like myself, you so much prefer visiting where there are not, and desire that your own hands may minister to your necessities so long as life lasts, you will see where you can assist at all times, without being obtrusive.

I like when visiting to feel that not a rule of the house has been set aside on my account; that for the time I am reckoned one of the family, free to enjoy and enter into all their pleasures, while by no means expecting them to be constantly watching lest I feel a lack of hospitality. If they choose to put a vase of flowers in my room when I come, I do not do as the independent young woman did—take not the slightest notice of it, let it stand with the water unchanged for the two weeks of her stay, and leave the dried-up flowers just where we placed them, thus showing her non-appreciation of the beautiful.

Some Uses for Kerosene.

(By Margaret Boroughs.)

Comparatively few housewives realize what a saving of time and labor may be accomplished in the work of the household by the more frequent use of kerosene. Porcelain-lined bath-tubs, and bowls on stationary stands, especially where hard water is used, are difficult to cleanse by ordinary methods. A flannel cloth saturated with kerosene will serve to remove roughness and discolorations as if by magic, and this, too, without wearing away the enamel, as the sand soaps usually employed for this purpose are wont to do sooner or later.

Clothing which is badly soiled will oftentimes be washed more easily if allowed first to soak in lukewarm suds to which kerosene has been added. Kitchen towels and dish-towels, which have become discolored through careless washing, may be treated in this way, and afterward a little of the oil may be added to the water in which they are boiled.

The rubber rollers on wash wringers are said to wear longer if wiped over with a cloth saturated in kerosene each week before setting away.

Before applying scouring-brick or metal polish to articles that have rusted, moisten the rust spots with kerosene. If the rust proves obstinate the article may often be soaked in the kerosene to advantage. This treatment will sometimes enable one to remove rust when the polish alone would be inadequate.

Steel knives, flat-irons, and other household utensils that are to be packed away will not so readily rust if wiped over with a cloth moistened with kerosene.

To clean paint and oilcloth, a tablespoonful of kerosene added to a small pailful of water will not only expedite the work, but will leave the finish brighter than when washed with simple soap-suds.

To clean hard-wood furniture rub the entire surface of the wood with a soft flannel saturated with kerosene. Allow the article to stand for a few minutes, then rub again vigorously with a soft dry flannel, being careful to wipe away every particle of oil from the surface. This will remove dirt, finger-marks, and white discolorations, unless the spots are unusually bad. If a first application fails, use it a second time. Scratches which are not hidden by the kerosene should be rubbed over with the following mixture, which makes an excellent, simple home-made furniture polish: Mix equal parts of turpentine, sweet-oil and vinegar; shake thoroughly before using, and rub in vigorously.—'The Independent.'

To Dry Umbrellas.

Umbrellas will last far longer if, when wet, they are placed handle downward to dry. The moisture falls from the edges of the frame, and the fabric dries uniformly. If stood handle upwards, which is commonly the case, the top of the umbrella holds the moisture, owing to the lining underneath the ring, and therefore takes a long time to dry, thus injuring the silk or other fabric with which it is covered. This is the prime cause of this part of the umbrella wearing out sooner than the other part. Umbrella cases, too, are responsible for the rapid wear of the silk. The constant friction produces the tiny holes which appear so provokingly early. When not in use leave the umbrella loose. When wet, never leave it open to dry, as the tense condition thus produced makes the silk stiff, and then it soon will crack.—'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Floating Island. — Put one quart of new milk in a double kettle over the stove. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and when the milk boils put in a tablespoonful at a time into the milk; cook about one minute, then dip out the egg into a dish and put in more until all is cooked. Set them away in a cool place. Make a custard of the four yolks, well beaten, a teaspoonful of corn starch, half a cupful of white sugar, and flavor with two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; stir this into the boiling milk and let it cool until it thickens a little. Take off the stove, cool, pour into a glass dish, and drop the whites into little islands over the top of the custard; set in the ice chest until ready to serve.

Rice Cakes.—Take two cups of boiled rice and mix with half a pint of milk while the rice is warm. If cold rice is used great care must be taken that the lumps are well broken. Stir, in one pint of flour, into which one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder has been thoroughly mixed, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one of salt, and one well-beaten egg. Beat the batter till it is very smooth before baking.

Hot Milk as a Stimulant.—No one, who, fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it, because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted, by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects.

The Montreal 'Witness' is a clean paper. That means a good deal to parents bringing up a family of boys and girls. In its columns there is no 'gloating over crime,' no seductive story, no improper advertisement, to defile the minds and deprave the taste and destroy the morals of the young people. On the other hand, its aim is to awaken interest in matters of real interest. It leads in its reports of important events, and in editorial discussion concerning them. It devotes much space to the young people, and the Home Department is always bright and well worth reading. For these very reasons thousands of people take the 'Witness,' who do not altogether agree with it on all points. Send twenty-five cents for the daily for one month, or a six months' trial for one dollar. In these stirring times a reliable daily newspaper is almost a necessity. The 'Witness' war news is as correct as can be got, and no Canadian paper has better facilities for obtaining the news. Fake news, however, is held beneath contempt.

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